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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM WALSH.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

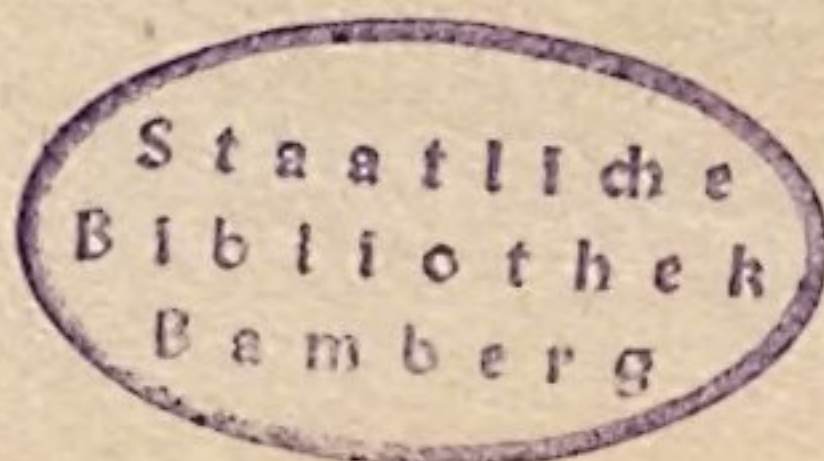
Yet some there were, among the sounder few,
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd Wits fundamental laws---
Such late was WALSH, the Muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London :

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row
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Great-Britain and
Ireland.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM WALLACE

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

By
JAMES W. WALLACE

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR
By JAMES W. WALLACE
The author of the above work has been
enabled to collect a large number of
facts and anecdotes relative to the
life of the poet, which he has
carefully arranged in the following
order.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR
By JAMES W. WALLACE

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR
By JAMES W. WALLACE



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM WALSH.

CONTAINING HIS
MISCELLANIES, | SONGS,
ELEGIES, | ECLOGUES,
EPIGRAMS, | IMITATIONS,
 &c. &c. &c.

Go, little book, and to the world impart
The faithful image of an amorous heart:
Those who love's dear deluding pains have known,
May in my fatal stories read their own;
Those who have liv'd from all its torments free,
May find the thing they never felt, by me.

The Author to his Book.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOK.

THIS

POETICAL WORKS

WILLIAM WALSH

CONTAINING

SONNETS	POETICAL
EPICUREAN	POETRY
EPICUREAN	POETRY

BY WILLIAM WALSH

THE FIRST VOLUME
OF THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM WALSH
ESQ.
OF
DUBLIN

LONDON: PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1794.
PUBLISHED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.
AND BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

LIFE OF WALSH.

MOST of the particulars concerning William Walsh are taken from a brief account given by Wood, who relates, that he was the son of Joseph Walsh, Esq. of Aberley, in Worcestershire, and born in the year 1663.

Having made a considerable progress in classical learning, when he arrived at the age of fifteen years, he was sent to the university of Oxford, and entered a gentleman commoner of Wadham College.

He seems not to have been much delighted with a college life, for he left the university without taking a degree, and pursued his studies at London, as well as in his native country, with great assiduity, as appears from the testimony of Dryden, who, in the postscript to his Virgil, calls him *the best critic in our nation*.

To improve his mind, and qualify him for moving in a respectable sphere of life, he entered upon his travels at an early period, and formed, by his talents and address, an acquaintance with men of wit and learning abroad; and when he returned home, his accomplishments introduced him to the first company in high as well as literary life.

He was not merely a critic and a scholar, but a man of fashion and a courtier, being distinguished by the friendship of the Duke of Shrewsbury, and made gentleman of the horse to Queen Anne; under the Duke of Somerset. Dennis remarks, that he was ostentatiously splendid in his dress. He was likewise chosen knight of the shire for the county of Worcester, in several parliaments, and once representative for Richmond, in the county of York.

Our author appears, from many parts of his writings, to have been zealously attached to the principles of the revolution; but his political ardour did not

abate his reverential esteem for Dryden, even after he was dispossessed of the laurel by King William, and discountenanced by the public, for his time-serving compliance with the religious tenets and despotic principles which prevailed in the preceding reign: as he gave Dryden a Dissertation on Virgil's Pastorals, in which Dr. Johnson observes, that, however studied, he discovers some ignorance of the laws of French versification.

His correspondence with Pope, in whom he had discernment enough to discover very extraordinary poetical powers at their first dawn, commenced in 1705. The letters which passed between them are written upon the pastoral comedy of the Italians, and the pastorals which that great poet was then preparing to publish.

As acts of kindness, experienced in early life, are seldom forgotten, Pope always retained a grateful sense of Walsh's notice, and mentioned him in one of his latter pieces, among those that had encouraged his juvenile studies.

Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write.

In his Essay on Criticism, Pope has given him more splendid praise; and in the opinion of his learned commentator, Warburton, sacrificed a little of his judgment to his gratitude.

The time of his death is not precisely ascertained—it is supposed to have happened between 1707, when he wrote to Pope, and 1711, when Pope praised him in his essay. The epitaph makes him forty-six years old; but, if Wood's account be right, he died in 1709.

Walsh, from a complacent disposition, and a well cultivated mind, was much respected by his contemporaries, and lived on terms of friendship and familiarity with men of the first rank and abilities.

Dryden and Pope have given their sanction in his
favour

favour, to which no doubt they were greatly induced by motives of personal friendship ; and the more rigid critics are of opinion, that if an intimacy had not subsisted between those great literary characters and our author, their encomiums would have been less lavish ; candour, however, must admit, that much praise is due to several of his productions.

The works of Walsh are not numerous. In prose, he wrote *a Dialogue concerning Women, being a Defence of the Fair Sex, addressed to Eugenia*, printed in 1691. This is the most considerable of his productions, and is highly commended by Dryden, in a preface which he prefixed to it.

“ I was not ignorant,” says that great critic, “ that he was naturally ingenious, and that he had improved himself by travelling ; and from that I might reasonably have expected that air of gallantry which is so visibly diffused through the body of the work, and is indeed the soul that animates all things of this nature. But so much variety of reading, both in ancient and modern authors, such digestion of that reading, so much justness of thought, that it leaves no room for affectation or pedantry, I may venture to say, are not over common among practised writers, and very rarely to be found among beginners.”

In 1692 he published a *Collection of Letters and Poems, amorous and gallant*—Dr. Johnson stamps a value on the preface, prefixed by Walsh to his collection, in saying it is a very judicious preface upon epistolary composition and amorous poetry. Our author certainly presents a very candid and judicious statement of the comparative merits of the ancient and modern writers on these subjects, and, with great judgment, awards the palm to the former, as more attentive to the genuine dictates of nature, and less impressed by maxims of fashion than the laws of truth.

In 1697, he wrote an *Essay on Pastoral Poetry*, with a short defence of Virgil against some of the reflections of Fontenelle, which is prefixed to Dryden's Translation

tion of Virgil's Pastorals. A small posthumous piece of his composition, entitled *Æsculapius, or the Hospital of Fools*, in imitation of Lucian, was printed in 1749.

His poems were reprinted among the works of the minor poets, in two volumes, duodecimo, in 1714. They consist chiefly of Elegies, Epigrams, Odes, and Songs, which are, in general, pleasing and elegant.

Of his merit in elegiac composition, we think the following lines from his elegy to his mistress on the "Power of Verse," a very sufficient proof.

While those bright eyes subdue where'er you will,
And as you please, can either save or kill ;
What youth so bold, the conquest to design ?
What wealth so great, to purchase hearts like thine ?
None but the Muse that privilege can claim,
And what you give in love, return in fame.
Riches and titles, with your life must end,
Nay, cannot e'en in life your fame defend ?
Verse can give fame, can fading beauties save,
And, after death, redeem them from the grave ;
Embalm'd in verse, thro' distant times they come,
Preserv'd like bees, within an amber tomb.

There is much point, as well as truth, in his little Epigram on LOVE and JEALOUSY.

How much are they deceiv'd who vainly strive,
By jealous fears to keep our flames alive !
Love's like a torch, which, if secur'd from blasts,
Will faintlier burn, but then it longer lasts :
Expos'd to storms of jealousy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

His *Golden Age Restored*, in imitation of the fourth Eclogue of Virgil, is replete with humour, and exhibits some of the leading political characters of his day, in a very ludicrous point of view.

Now all our factions, all our fears shall cease,
And Tories rule the promis'd land in peace.
Malice shall die, and noxious poisons fail,
Harley shall cease to trick, and Seymour cease to rail ;
The lambs shall with the lions walk unhurt,
And Halifax and Howe meet civilly at court.

Viceroy, like providence, with distant care,
 Shall govern kingdoms where they ne'er appear :
 Pacific Admirals, to save the fleet,
 Shall fly from conquest, and shall conquest meet :
 Commanders shall be prais'd at William's cost,
 And honour be retriev'd before 'tis lost.

In his Ode in imitation of Horace, he pays some well turned compliments to King William, on the salutary effects of the glorious Revolution.

Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent zeal
 I come, the wounded heart to heal,
 The wounded hand to bind :
 See tools of arbitrary sway,
 And priests, like locusts, scout away
 Before the western wind.

Law shall again her force resume ;
 Religion, clear'd from clouds of Rome,
 With brighter rays advance ;
 The British fleet shall rule the deep,
 The British youth, as rous'd from sleep,
 Strike terror into France.

Of all the different species of poetry none is more adapted to engage the mind and captivate the fancy than the Pastoral, the beauty of which consists in an elegant simplicity. Hence we are induced to think the critics have not done that justice to our author to which we conceive him entitled from his Pastoral Eclogues, as they abound with the most simple, yet elegant descriptions. What can be more pleasing than the following plaintive lines in his fifth Eclogue, in which he laments the loss of a female friend?

Ye gentle swains, who pass your days and nights
 In love's sincere and innocent delights !
 Ye tender virgins, who with pride display
 Your beauty's splendour, and extend your sway !
 Lament with me ! with me your sorrows join !
 And mingle your united tears with mine !
 Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore !
 Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more.

Begin my Muse ! begin your mournful strains,
 Tell the sad tale through all the hills and plains.

Tel,

Tell it through every lawn and every grove,
Where flocks can wander, or where shepherds rove.
Bid neighbouring rivers tell the distant sea,
And winds from pole to pole the news convey
Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore,
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more,

'Tis done, and all obey the mournful Muse,
See hills and plains and winds have heard the news.
The foaming sea o'erwhelms the frighten'd shore,
The vallies tremble and the mountains roar.
See lofty oaks from firm foundations torn,
And stately towers in heaps of ruin mourn.
The gentle Thames, that rarely passion knows,
Swells with this sorrow, and her banks o'erflows.
What shrieks are heard, what groans, what dying cries?
Ev'n nature's self in dire convulsions lies!
Delia, the Queen of Love, they all deplore,
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more.

Having submitted these specimens of our authors poetical talents to the judgment of the reader, we shall conclude with Dr. Johnson's concise account of him. "He is known more by his familiarity with great men, than by any thing done or written by himself. In all his writings there are pleasing passages. He has however more elegance than vigour, and seldom rises higher than to be pretty."



PREFACE.

IT has been so usual among modern authors to write prefaces, that a man is thought rude to his reader, who does not give him some previous account of what he is to expect in the book.

The greatest part of this collection consists of amorous verses. Those who are conversant with the writings of the ancients, will observe a great difference between what they and the moderns have published upon this subject. The occasions upon which the poems of the former are written, are such as happen to every man almost that is in love; and the thoughts such as are natural for every man in love to think. The moderns, on the other hand, have sought out for occasions that none meet with but themselves; and fill their verses with thoughts that are surprising and glittering, but not tender, passionate, or natural to a man in love.

To judge which of these two are in the right, we ought to consider the end that people propose in writing love verses; and that I take not to be the acquiring fame or admiration from the world, but the obtaining the love of their mistress; and the best way I conceive to make her love you, is to convince her that you love her. Now this certainly is not to be done by forced conceits, far-fetched similes, and shining points; but by a true and lively representation of the pains and thoughts attending such a passion.

“ ——— *Si vis me flere, dolendum est*

“ *Primum ipsi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent.*”

I would as soon believe a widow in great grief for her husband, because I saw her dance a corant about his coffin, as believe a man in love with his mistress for his writing such verses as some great modern wits have done upon their's.

I am satisfied that Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid, were in love with their mistresses, while
they

they upbraid them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and forswear them; but I confess I cannot believe Petrarch in love with his, when he writes conceits upon her name, her gloves, and the place of her birth. I know it is natural for a lover, in transports of jealousy, to treat his mistress with all the violence imaginable; but I cannot think it natural for a man, who is much in love, to amuse himself with such trifles as the other. I am pleased with Tibullus, when he says, he could live in a desert with his mistress, where never any human footsteps appeared, because I doubt not but he really thinks what he says; but I confess, I can hardly forbear laughing, when Petrarch tells us, he could live without any other sustenance than his mistress's looks. I can very easily believe, a man may love a woman so well, as to desire no company but her's; but I can never believe a man can love a woman so well, as to have no need of meat and drink, if he may look upon her. The first is a thought so natural for a lover, that there is no man really in love but thinks the same thing; the other is not the thought of a man in love, but of a man who would impose upon us with a pretended love, (and that indeed very grossly too) while he had really none at all.

It would be endless to pursue this point; and any man who will but give himself the trouble to compare what the ancients and moderns have said upon the same occasions, will soon perceive the advantage the former have over the others. I have chosen to mention Petrarch only, as being by much the most famous of all the moderns who have written love-verses: and it is, indeed, the great reputation which he has obtained, that has given encouragement to this false sort of wit in the world: for people, seeing the great credit he had, and has indeed to this day, not only in Italy, but over all Europe, have satisfied themselves with the imitation of him, never inquiring whether the way he took was right or not. There

There are no modern writers, perhaps, who have succeeded better in love verses than the English; and it is indeed just, that the fairest ladies should inspire the best poets. Never was there a more copious fancy, or greater reach of wit than what appears in Dr. Donne; nothing can be more gallant or genteel, than the poems of Mr. Waller; nothing more gay or sprightly, than those of Sir John Suckling; and nothing abounding with more variety and learning, than Mr. Cowleys. However, it may be observed, that among all these, that tenderness and violence of passion which the ancients thought most proper for love verses is wanting; and, at the same time that we must allow Dr. Donne to have been a very great wit, Mr. Waller a very gallant writer, Sir John Suckling a very gay one, and Mr. Cowley a great genius, yet, I can hardly fancy any one of them to have been a very great lover. And it grieves me, that the ancients, who could never have handsomer women than we have, should, nevertheless, be so much more in love than we are. But it is probable the great reason of this may be the cruelty of our ladies; for a man must be imprudent indeed to let his passion take very deep root, when he has no reason to expect any sort of return to it. And if it be so, there ought to be a petition presented to the fair, that they would be pleased sometimes to abate a little of their rigour for the propagation of good verse. I do not mean that they should confer their favours upon none but men of wit, that indeed would be too great a confinement; but that they would admit them upon a par with other people; and if they please now and then to make the experiment, I fancy they will find entertainment enough from the very variety of it.

There are three sorts of poems that are proper for love: pastorals, elegies, and lyric verses; under which last, I comprehend all songs, odes, sonnets, madrigals, and stanzas. Of all these, pastoral is the lowest, and, upon that account, perhaps most proper for love; since it is the nature of that passion to render the soul

soft and humble. These three sorts of poems ought to differ, not only in their numbers, but in the designs, and in every idea of them. Though we have no difference between the verses of pastoral and elegy in the modern languages, yet the numbers of the first ought to be looser, and not so sonorous as the other; the thoughts more simple, more easy, and more humble. The design ought to be the representing the life of a shepherd, not only by talking of sheep and fields, but by shewing us the truth, sincerity, and innocence that accompanies that sort of life; for though I know our masters, Theocritus and Virgil, have not always conformed in this point of innocence, Theocritus, in his Daphnis, having made his love too wanton, and Virgil, in his Alexis, placed his passion upon a boy, yet if we may be allowed to censure those whom we must always reverence, I take both these things to be faults in their poems, and should have been better pleased with the Alexis, if it had been made to a woman; and with the Daphnis, if he had made his shepherds more modest. When I represent humility and modesty as the character of pastoral, it is not, however, but that a shepherd may be allowed to boast of his pipe, his songs, his flocks, and to shew a contempt of his rival, as we see both Theocritus and Virgil do. But this must be still in such a manner, as if the occasion offered itself, and was not sought, and proceeded rather from the violence of the shepherd's passion, than any natural pride or malice in him.

There ought to be the same difference observed between pastorals and elegies, as between the life of the country and the court. In the first, love ought to be represented as among shepherds, in the other, as among gentlemen. They ought to be smooth, clear, tender, and passionate. The thoughts may be bold, more gay, and more elevated, than in pastoral. The passions they represent, either more gallant or more violent, and less innocent than the others. The subjects of them, prayers, praises, expostulations, quarrels, reconcilements,

reconcilements, threatenings, jealousies, and, in fine all the natural effects of love.

Lyrics may be allowed to treat on all the same subjects with elegy, but to do it, however, in a different manner. An elegy ought to be so entirely one thing, and every verse ought so to depend upon the other, that they should not be able to subsist alone; or, to make use of the words of a great modern critic*, there must be

“ ———a just coherence made
 “ Between each thought, and the whole model laid,
 “ So right, that every step may higher rise,
 “ Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies.”

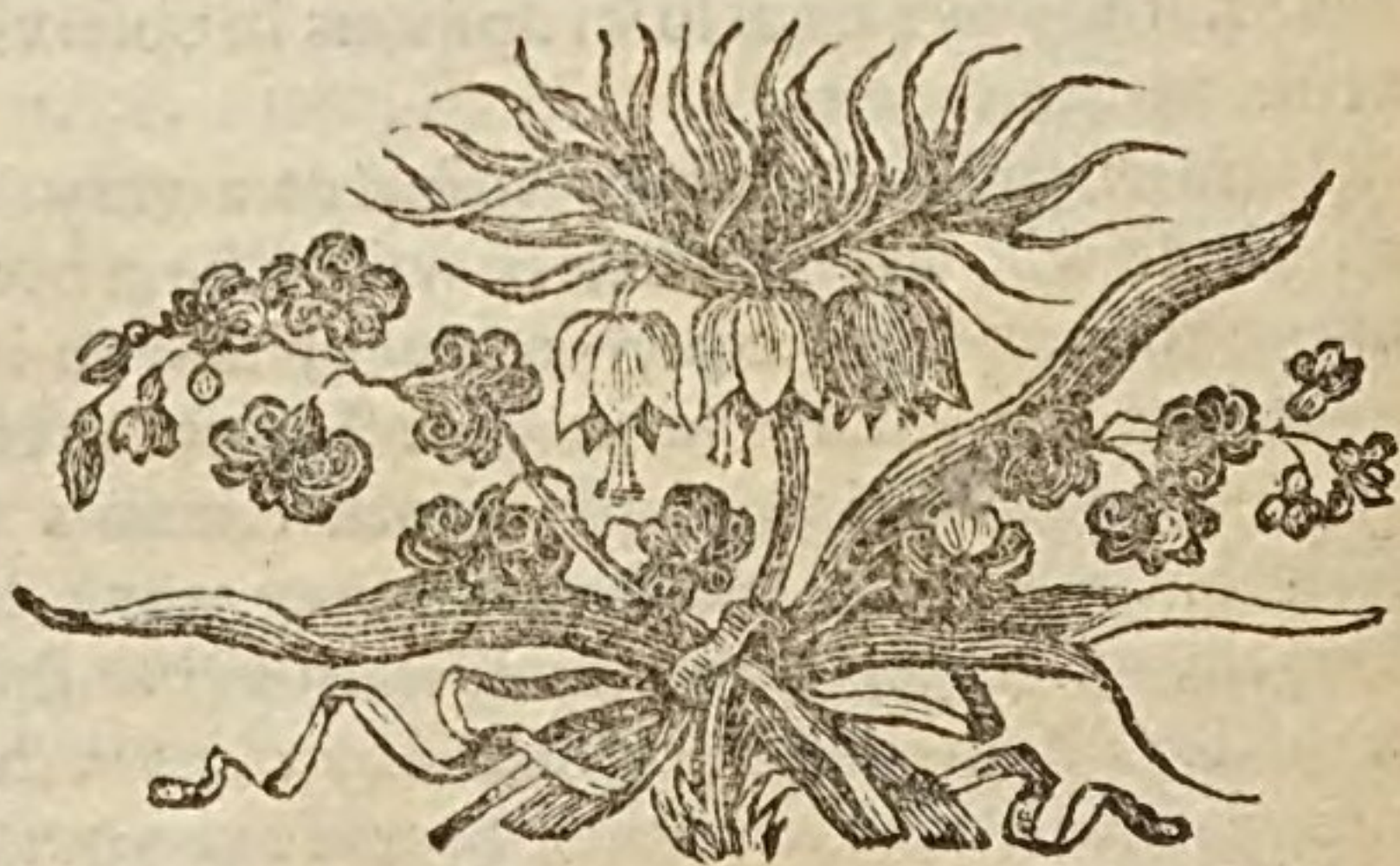
Lyrics, on the other hand, though they ought to make one body as well as the other, yet may consist of parts that are entire of themselves. It being a rule in modern languages, that every stanza ought to make up a complete sense, without running into the other.

Frequent sentences, which are accounted faults in elegies, are beauties here. Besides this, Malherbe, and the French poets after him, have made it a rule, in the stanzas of six lines, to make a pause at the third, and in those of ten lines, at the third and the seventh. And, it must be confessed, that this exactness renders them much more musical and harmonious; though they have not always been so scrupulous in observing the latter rule as the former.

But I am engaged in a very vain, or a very foolish design: those who are critics, it would be a presumption in me to pretend I could instruct; and to instruct those who are not, at the same time I write myself, is (if I may be allowed to apply another man's simile) like selling arms to an enemy in time of war: though there ought, perhaps, to be more indulgence shewn to things of love and gallantry than any others, because they are generally written when people are young, and intended for ladies who are not supposed to be very old; and all young people, especially of the fair sex,

* Lord Mulgrave.

are more captivated with the liveliness of fancy, ~~the~~ the correctness of judgment. It may be also observed, that to write of love well, a man must be really in love; and to correct his writing well, he must be out of love again. I am well enough satisfied I may be in circumstances of writing of love, but I am almost in despair of ever being in circumstances of correcting it. This I hope may be a reason for the fair and the young to pass over some of the faults; and as for the grave and wise, all the favour I shall beg of them is, that they will not read them. Things of this nature are calculated only for the former. If love-verses work upon the ladies, a man will not trouble himself with what the critics say of them; and if they do not, all the commendations the critics can give them *will* make but very little amends. All I shall say for these trifles is, that I pretend not to vie with any man whatsoever. I doubt not but there are several now living who are able to write better on all subjects than I am upon any one; but I will be bold to say, that there is no one man among them all, readier to acknowledge his own faults, or to do justice to the merits of other people.



MISCELLANIES

TO HIS BOOK.

GO, little book, and to the world impart
The faithful image of an amorous heart :
Those who love's dear deluding pains have known,
May in my fatal stories read their own.
Those who have liv'd from all its torments free, 5
May find the thing they never felt, by me.
Perhaps, advis'd, avoid the gilded bait,
And, warn'd by my example, shun my fate :
While with calm joy, safe landed on the coast,
I view the waves on which I once was tost. 10
Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
Suspensions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars,
Then peace again. Oh ! would it not be best
To chase the fatal poison from our breast ?
But, since so few can live from passion free, 15
Happy the man, and only happy he,
Who with such lucky stars begins his love,
That his cool judgment does his choice approve.
Ill-grounded passions quickly wear away ;
What's built upon esteem can ne'er decay. 20

JEALOUSY.

WHO could more happy, who more blest could
live,
Than they whom kind, whom am'rous passions move ?
What crowns, what empires, greater joys could give,
Than the soft chains, the slavery of love ?
Were not the bliss too often crost 5
By that unhappy vile distrust,
That gnawing doubt, and anxious fear, that dangerous
malady,
That terrible tormenting rage, that madness, jealousy.

II.

In vain Celinda boasts she has been true,
In vain she swears she keeps untouch'd her charms ; 10

Dire Jealousy does all my pains renew,
 And represents her in my rival's arms :
 His sighs I hear, his looks I view,
 I see her damn'd advances too ;
 I see her smile, I see her kiss, and, oh ! methinks I see
 Her give up all those joys to him, she should reserve
 for me.

14

III.

Ungrateful fair one ! canst thou hear my groans ?
 Canst thou behold these tears that fill my eyes ?
 And yet unmov'd by all my pains, my moans,
 Into another's arms resign my prize ;
 If merit could not gain your love,
 My sufferings might your pity move ;
 Might hinder you from adding thus, by jealous frenzies,
 New pangs to one whom hopeless love had plagu'd too
 much before.

20

[more

IV.

Think not, false nymph, my fury to out-form ;
 I scorn your anger, and despise your frown :
 Dress up your rage in its most hideous form,
 It will not move my heart when love is flown ;
 No, though you from my kindness fly,
 My vengeance you shall satisfy :
 The muse that would have sung your praise shall now
 aloud proclaim
 To the malicious spiteful world your infamy and shame.

25

30

V.

Ye Gods ! she weeps ; behold that falling shower !
 See how her eyes are quite dissolv'd in tears !
 Can she in vain that precious torrent pour ?
 Oh, no, it bears away my doubts and fears :
 'Twas pity sure that made it flow :
 For the same pity stop it now !
 For ev'ry charming heavenly drop that from those eyes
 Is paid with streams of blood that gush from my o'er-
 flowing heart.

35

[does part,

40

VI.

Yes, I will love, I will believe you true,
 And raise my passions up as high as e'er ;

Nay, I'll believe you false, yet love you too,
Let the least sign of penitence appear.

I'll frame excuses for your fault, 45
Think you surpris'd, or meanly caught ;
Nay, in the fury, in the height of that abhor'd embrace,
Believe you thought, believe, at least, you wish'd me
in the place.

VII.

Oh, let me lie whole ages in those arms,
And on that bosom lull asleep my cares ; 50
Forgive those foolish fears of fancy'd harms
That stab my soul while they but move thy tears ;
And think, unless I lov'd thee still,
I had not treated thee so ill ; [signs
For these rude pangs of jealousy are much more certain
Of love than all the tender words an am'rous fancy
coins. 56

VIII.

Torment me with this horrid rage no more :
Oh smile, and grant one reconciling kiss !
Ye Gods, she's kind ! I'm ecstasy all o'er !
My soul's too narrow to contain the blifs. 60
Thou pleasing torture of my breast,
Sure thou wert fram'd to plague my rest, [stroy ;
Since both the ill and good you do, alike my peace de-
That kills me with excess of grief, this with excess
of joy. 64



CURE OF JEALOUSY.

WHAT tortures can there be in hell,
 Compar'd to what fond lovers feel,
 When doating on some fair one's charms,
 They think she yields them to their rival's arms.

As lions, though they once were tame,
 Yet, if sharp wounds their rage inflame,
 Lift up their stormy voices, roar,
 And tear the keepers they obey'd before.

So fares the lover, when his breast
 By jealous frenzy is possess'd;
 Forswears the nymph for whom he burns,
 Yet straight to her whom he forswears returns.

But when the fair resolves his doubt,
 The love comes in, the fear goes out;
 The cloud of jealousy's dispell'd,
 And the bright sun of innocence reveal'd.

With what strange raptures is he blest!
 Raptures too great to be express'd.
 Though hard the torment's to endure,
 Who would not have the sickness for the cure.



SONNET.

DEATH.

WHAT has this bugbear Death that's worth our
 After a life in pain and sorrow past, [care?
 After deluding hope and dire despair,
 Death only gives us quiet at the last.

How strangely are our love and hate misplac'd! 5
 Freedom we seek, and yet from freedom flee;
 Courting those tyrant sins that chain us fast,
 And shunning death that only sets us free.

'Tis not a foolish fear of future pains, stains?)
 (Why should they fear who keep their souls from
 That makes me dread thy terrors, Death, to see: 11
 'Tis not the loss of riches or of fame,
 Or the vain toys the vulgar pleasures name:
 'Tis nothing, Celia, but the losing thee. 14

THE ANTIDOTE.

WHEN I see the bright nymph who my heart does
 enthrall,
 When I view her soft eyes and her languishing air,
 Her merit so great, my own merit so small,
 It makes me adore, and it makes me despair.

But when I consider, she squanders on fools 5
 All those treasures of beauty with which she is stor'd,
 My fancy it damps, my passion it cools,
 And it makes me despise what before I ador'd.

Thus sometimes I despair, and sometimes I despise:
 I love, and I hate, but I never esteem: 10
 The passion grows up when I view her bright eyes,
 Which my rival's destroy when I look upon them.

How wisely does Nature things so diff'rent unite!
 In such odd compositions our safety is found;
 As the blood of a scorpion's a cure for the bite, 15
 So her folly makes whole whom her beauty does wound.

UPON A FAVOUR OFFERED.

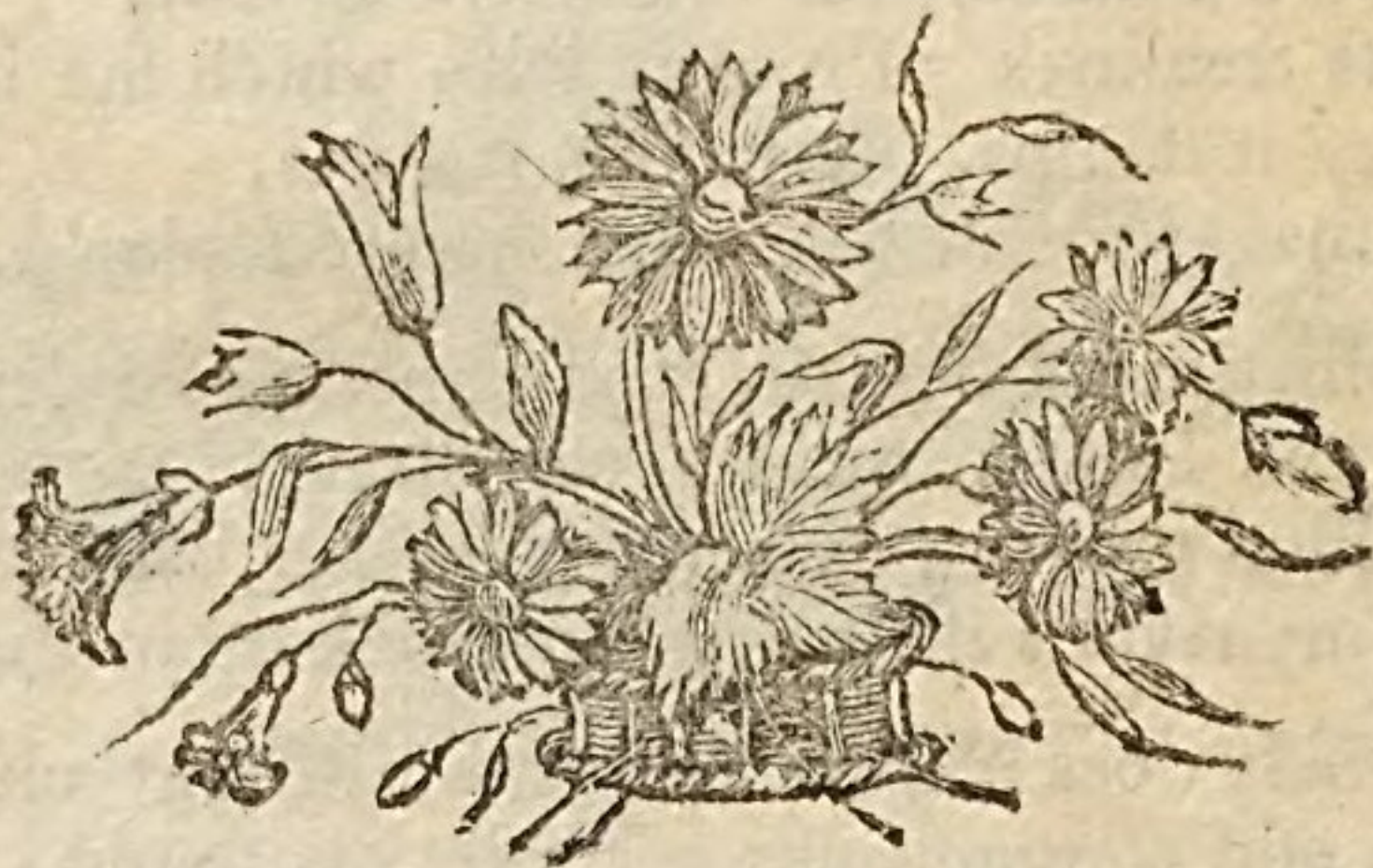
CELIA, too late you would repent ;
The offering all your store
Is now but like a pardon sent
To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
And grant the blifs too late,
You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
When first my court I made ;
But when your falshoods plain appear
My love no longer stay'd.

Your bounty of those favours shewn,
Whose worth you first deface,
Is melting valued medals down,
And giving us the brafs.

Oh, since the thing we beg's a toy
That's pris'd by love alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy
Before our love is gone.



THE RECONCILEMENT.

BEGONE, ye sighs ! begone, ye tears !
 Begone, ye jealousies and fears !
 Celinda swears she never lov'd ;
 Celinda swears none ever mov'd
 Her heart, but I : If this be true, 5
 Shall I keep company with you ?
 What though a senseless rival swore
 She said as much to him before ?
 What though I saw him in her bed ?
 I'll trust not what I saw, but what she said. 10
 Curse on the prudent and the wise,
 Who ne'er believe such pleasing lies.
 I grant she only does deceive ;
 I grant 'tis folly to believe ;
 But by this folly I vast pleasures gain,
 While you, with all your wisdom, live in pain. 16

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A LOVER AND HIS FRIEND.

[*Irregular Verses.*]

FRIEND.

VALUE thyself, fond youth, no more,
 On favours Mulus had before ;
 He had her first, her virgin flame,
 You like a bold intruder came
 To the cold relics of a feast, 5
 When he at first had seiz'd the best.

LOVER.

When he, dull sot, had seiz'd the worse,
 I came in at the second course :
 'Tis chance that first makes people love ;
 Judgment their riper fancies move. 10
 Mulus, you say, first charm'd her eyes :
 First she lov'd babies, and dirt pies ;
 But she grew wiser, and in time
 Found out the folly of those toys and him.

FRIEND.

If wisdom change in love begets,
 Women, no doubt, are wond'rous wits :
 But wisdom, that now makes her change to you,
 In time will make her change to others too.

15

LOVER.

I grant you no man can foresee his doom :
 But shall I grieve because an ill may come ?
 Yet I'll allow her change, when she can see
 A man deserves her more than me,
 As much as I deserve her more than he.

20

FRIEND.

Did they with our own eyes see our desert,
 No woman e'er could from her lover part.
 But, oh ! they see not with their own :
 All things to them are through false optics shewn.
 Love at the first does all your charms increase,
 When the tube's turn'd, hate represents them less.

25

LOVER.

Whate'er may come, I will not grieve
 For dangers that I can't believe.
 She'll ne'er cease loving me ; or, if she do,
 'Tis ten to one I cease to love her too.

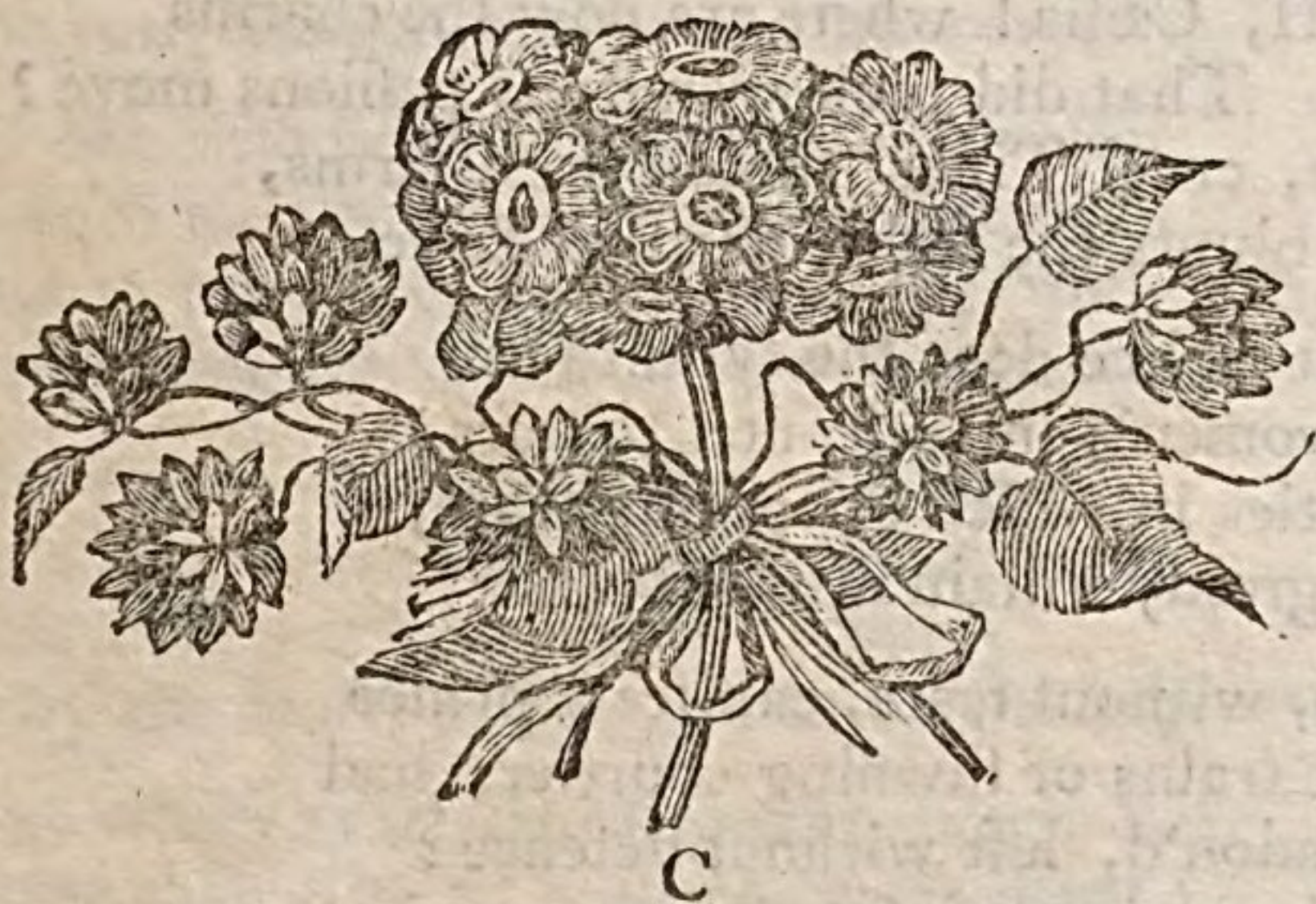
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33



THE FAIR MOURNER.

IN what sad pomp the mournful charmer lies ?
Does she lament the victim of her eyes ?
Or would she hearts with soft compassion move,
To make them take the deeper stamp of love ?
What youth so wise, so wary to escape, 5
When Rigour comes, drest up in Pity's shape ?
Let not in vain those precious tears be shed,
Pity the dying, fair one, not the dead ;
While you unjustly of the Fates complain,
I grieve as much for you, as much in vain. 10
Each to relentless judges make their moan ;
Blame not death's cruelty, but cease your own.
While raging passion both our souls does wound,
A sov'reign balm might sure for both be found ;
Would you but wipe your fruitless tears away,
And with a just compassion mine survey. 16



WALSH'S POEMS.
TO HIS MISTRESS,
Against Marriage,

YES, all the world must sure agree,
He who's secur'd of having thee
Will be entirely blest :
But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
To make one who has been so long
My queen, my slave at last.

5

Nor ought those things to be confin'd,
That were for public good design'd :
Could we, in foolish pride,
Make the sun always with us stay,
'Twould burn our corn and grass away,
To starve the world beside.

10

Let not the thoughts of parting fright
Two souls, which passion does unite ;
For while our love does last,
Neither will strive to go away ;
And why the devil should we stay,
When once that love is past ?

15

18

TO CÆLIA,

Upon some Alterations in her Face.

AH, Cælia ! where are now the charms
That did such wondrous passions move ?
Time, cruel Time, those eyes disarms,
And blunts the feeble darts of Love.

What malice does the tyrant bear
To women's interest, and to ours ?
Beauties in which the public share,
The greedy villain first devours.

5

Who, without tears, can see a prince
That trains of fawning courtiers had
Abandon'd, left without defence ?
Nor is thy hapless fate less sad.

10

Thou, who so many fools hast known,
And all the fools would hardly do,

Shouldst now confine thyself to one!
And he, alas! a husband too.

15

See the ungrateful slaves, how fast
They from thy setting glories run;
And in what mighty crowds they haste
To worship Flavia's rising sun!

20

In vain are all the practis'd wiles,
In vain those eyes would love impart;
Not all th' advances, all the smiles,
Can move one unrelenting heart.

While Flavia, charming Flavia, still
By cruelty her cause maintains,
And scarce vouchsafes a careless smile
To the poor slaves that wear her chains.

25

Well, Cælia, let them waste their tears;
But sure they will in time repine,
That thou hast not a face like hers,
Or she has not a heart like thine.

30

32

THE RETIREMENT.

ALL hail, ye fields, where constant peace attends!
All hail, ye sacred solitary groves!
All hail, ye books, my true, my real friends,
Whose conversation pleases and improves!

Could one who study'd your sublimer rules,
Become so mad to search for joys abroad?
To run to towns, to herd with knaves and fools,
And undistinguish'd pass among the crowd?

5

One to ambitious fancy's made a prey,
Thinks happiness in great preferment lies;
Nor fears for that his country to betray,
Curst by the fools, and laught at by the wise.

10,

Others, whom avaricious thoughts bewitch,
Consume their time to multiply their gains;
And fancying wretched all that are not rich,
Neglect the end of life to get the means.

15

Others the name of pleasure does invite :
All their dull time in sensual joys they live,
And hope to gain that solid, firm delight,
By vice, which innocence alone can give.

20

But how perplext, alas ! is human fate !
I, whom nor avarice nor pleasure move,
Who view with scorn the trophies of the great,
Yet must myself be made a slave to love.

If this dire passion never will be gone,
If beauty always must my heart enthrall,
Oh ! rather let me be confin'd to one,
Than madly thus be made a prey to all !

25

One who has early known the pomps of state
(For things unknown 'tis ignorance to condemn) ;
And after having view'd the gaudy bait,
Can boldly say, the trifle I condemn.

30

In her blest arms, contented could I live,
Contented could I die : but oh ! my mind
I feed with fancies, and my thoughts deceive,
With hope of things impossible to find.

35

In women how should sense and beauty meet ?
The wisest men their youth and folly spend :
The best is he that earliest finds the cheat,
And sees his errors while there's time to mend.

40



THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

DISTRACTED with care
 For Phyllis the fair,
 Since nothing could move her,
 Poor Damon, her lover,
 Resolves in despair
 No longer to languish,
 Nor bear so much anguish;
 But, mad with his love,
 To a precipice goes,
 Where a leap from above
 Would soon finish his woes.

5

10

When in rage he came there,
 Beholding how steep
 The sides did appear,
 And the bottom how deep;
 His torments projecting,
 And sadly reflecting,
 That a lover forsaken
 A new love may get,
 But a neck, when once broken,
 Can never be set;
 And that he could die
 Whenever he would;
 But that he could live
 But as long as he could:
 How grievous soever
 The torment might grow,
 He scorn'd to endeavour
 To finish it so.
 But bold, unconcern'd,
 At thoughts of the pain,
 He calmly return'd
 To his cottage again.

15

20

25

30

34

PHILLIS'S RESOLUTION.

WHEN slaves their liberty require,
They hope no more to gain,
But you not only that desire
But ask the power to reign.

II.

Think how unjust a suit you make,
Then you will soon decline;
Your freedom, when you please, pray take,
But trespass not on mine.

III.

No more in vain, Alcander, crave,
I ne'er will grant the thing
That he who once has been my slave
Should ever be my king.

5

10

12



AN EPISTLE

TO A LADY WHO HAD RESOLVED AGAINST
MARRIAGE.

MADAM, I cannot but congratulate
Your resolution for a single state ;
Ladies, who would live undisturb'd and free,
Must never put on Hymen's livery :
Perhaps its outside seems to promise fair, 5
But underneath is nothing else but care.
If once you let the Gordian knot be ty'd,
Which turns the name of virgin into bride ;
That one fond act your life's best scene foregoes,
And leads you in a labyrinth of woes, 10
Whose strange meanders you may search about,
But never find the clue to let you out.
The married life affords you little ease,
The best of husbands is so hard to please :
This in wives' careful faces you may spell, 15
Though they dissemble their misfortunes well.
No plague's so great as an ill-ruling head,
Yet 'tis a fate which few young ladies dread :
For Love's insinuating fire they fan,
With sweet ideas of a god-like man. 20
Chloris and Phyllis glory'd in their swains,
And sung their praises on the neighbouring plains ;
Oh ! they were brave, accomplish'd, charming men,
Angels till marry'd, but proud devils then.
Sure some resistless power with Cupid sides, 25
Or we should have more virgins, fewer brides ;
For single lives afford the most content,
Secure and happy, as they're innocent :
Bright as Olympus, crown'd with endless ease,
And calm as Neptune on the Halcyon seas : 30
Your sleep is broke with no domestic cares,
No bawling children to disturb your prayers ;
No parting sorrows to extort your tears,
No blustering husband to renew your fears !

Therefore, dear madam, let a friend advise, 35
 Love and its idle deity despise :
 Suppress wild Nature, if it dares rebel ;
 There's no such thing as "leading apes in hell." 38

CLELIA TO URANIA.

AN ODE.

THE dismal regions which no sun beholds,
 Whilst his fires roll some distant world to cheer,
 Which in dry darkness, frost, and chilling cold,
 Spend one long portion of the dragging year,
 At his returning influence never knew 5
 More joy than Clelia, when she thinks of you.

II.

Those zealots, who adore the rising sun,
 Would soon their darling deity despise,
 And with more warm, more true devotion run,
 To worship nobler beams, Urania's eyes ; 10
 Had they beheld her lovely form divine,
 Where rays more glorious, more attracting, shine.

III.

But, ah ! frail mortals, though you may admire
 At a convenient distance all her charms,
 Approach them, and you'll feel a raging fire, 15
 Which scorches deep, and all your power disarms :
 Thus, like th' Arabian bird, your care proceeds
 From the bright object which your pleasure breeds.



LOVING ONE I NEVER SAW.

THOU tyrant God of Love, give o'er,
 And persecute this breast no more :
 Ah ! tell me why must every dart
 Be aim'd at my unhappy heart ?
 I never murmur'd or repin'd,
 But patiently myself resign'd
 To all the torments, which through thee
 Have fell, alas ! on wretched me :
 But Oh ! I can no more sustain
 This long continued state of pain, 10
 Though 'tis but fruitless to complain.
 My heart, first soften'd by thy power,
 Ne'er kept its liberty an hour :
 So fond and easy was it grown,
 Each nymph might call the fool her own : 15
 So much to its own interest blind,
 So strangely charm'd to womankind,
 That it more belong'd to me,
 Than vestal-virgins hearts to thee.
 I often courted it to stay ; 20
 But, deaf to all, 'twould fly away.
 In vain to stop it I essay'd,
 Though often, often, I display'd
 The turns and doubles women made.
 Nay more, when it has home return'd, 25
 By some proud maid ill us'd and scorn'd,
 I still the renegade carest,
 And gave it harbour in my breast.
 O ! then, with indignation fir'd
 At what before it so admir'd ; 30
 With shame and sorrow overcast,
 And sad repentance for the past,
 A thousand sacred oaths it swore
 Never to wander from me more ;
 After chimeras ne'er to rove, 35
 Or run the wild-goose chase of love.
 Thus it resolv'd—————

Till some new face again betray'd
The resolutions it had made :
Then how 'twould flutter up and down, 40
Eager, impatient, to be gone ;
And, though so often it had fail'd,
Though vainless every heart assail'd,
Yet, lur'd by hope of new delight,
It took again its fatal flight. 45
'Tis thus, malicious deity,
That thou hast banter'd wretched me :
Thus made me vainly lose my time,
Thus fool away my youthful prime !
And yet, for all the hours I've lost, 50
And sighs, and tears, thy bondage cost,
Ne'er did thy slave thy favours bless,
Or crown his passion with success.
Well—since 'tis doom'd that I must find
No love for love from womankind ; 55
Since I no pleasure must obtain,
Let me at least avoid the pain :
So weary of the chace I'm grown,
That with content I'd sit me down,
Enjoy my book, my friend, my cell, 60
And bid all womankind farewell.
Nay, ask, for all I felt before,
Only to be disturb'd no more.
Yet thou (to my complainings deaf)
Will give my torments no relief ; 65
But now, e'en now, thou mak'st me die,
And love I know not whom, nor why,
In every part I feel the fire,
And burn with fanciful desire ;
From whence can love its magic draw ? 70
I doat on her *I never saw* :
And who, but lovers, can express
This strange, mysterious tenderness ?
And yet methinks, 'tis happier so,
Than whom it is I love to know : 75
Now my unbounded notions rove,
And frame ideas to my love.

I fancy I should something find,
 Diviner both in face and mind,
 Than ever nature did bestow 80
 On any creature here below.
 I fancy thus Corinna walks,
 That thus she sings, she looks, she talks,
 Sometimes I sigh, and fancy then,
 That, did Corinna know my pain, 85
 Could she my trickling tears but see,
 She would be kind, and pity me.
 Thus thinking I've no cause to grieve,
 I pleasingly myself deceive ;
 And sure am happier far than he 90
 Who knows the very truth can be.
 Then, gentle Cupid, let me ne'er
 See my imaginary fair :
 Lest she should be more heavenly bright
 Than can be reach'd by fancy's height: 95
 Lest (when I on her beauty gaze,
 Confounded, lost in an amaze ;
 My trembling lips and eyes should tell,
 'Tis her I dare to love so well ;
 She, with an angry, scornful eye, 100
 Or some unkind, severe reply,
 My hopes of bliss should overcast,
 And my presuming passion blast.
 If but in this thou kind wilt prove,
 And let me not see her I love, 105
 Thy altars prostrate I'll adore,
 And call thee tyrant-god no more. 107



HORACE, ODE III. BOOK III.

IMITATED, 1705.

THE man that's resolute and just,
 Firm to his principles and trust,
 Nor hopes nor fears can blind ;
 No passions his designs control ;
 Not love, that tyrant of the soul,
 Can shake his steady mind.

II.

Not parties for revenge engag'd,
 Nor threatenings of a court enrag'd,
 Nor storms where fleets despair ;
 Not thunder pointed at his head ;
 The shatter'd world may strike him dead,
 Not touch his soul with fear.

III.

From this the Grecian glory rose ;
 By this the Romans aw'd their foes :
 Of this their poets sing.
 These were the paths their heroes trod,
 These acts made Hercules a god ;
 And great Nassau a king.

IV.

Firm on the rolling deck he stood,
 Unmov'd beheld the breaking flood,
 With blackening storms combin'd.
 " Virtue," he cry'd, " will force its way ;
 " The wind may for a while delay,
 " Not alter our design.

V.

" The men whom selfish hopes inflame,
 " Or vanity allures to fame,
 " May be to fears betray'd :
 " But here a church for succour flies,
 " Insulted law expiring lies,
 " And loudly calls for aid.

VI.

" Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent zeal,
 " I come, the wounded heart to heal,

“ The wounding hand to bind :
 “ See tools of arbitrary sway,
 “ And priests, like locusts, scout away
 “ Before the Western wind.

VII.

“ Law shall again her force resume ;
 “ Religion, clear'd from clouds of Rome,
 “ With brighter rays advance.
 “ The British fleet shall rule the deep,
 “ The British youth, as rous'd from sleep,
 “ Strike terror into France.

40

VIII.

“ Nor shall these promises of fate
 “ Be limited to my short date :
 “ When I from cares withdraw,
 “ Still shall the British sceptre stand,
 “ Still flourish in a female hand,
 “ And to mankind give law.

45

IX.

“ She shall domestic foes unite,
 “ Monarchs beneath her flags shall fight,
 “ Whole armies drag her chain :
 “ She shall lost Italy restore,
 “ Shall make th' imperial eagle soar,
 “ And give a king to Spain.

50

55

X.

“ But know, these promises are given,
 “ These great rewards impartial heaven
 “ Does on these terms decree ;
 “ That, strictly punishing men's faults,
 “ You let their consciences and thoughts
 “ Rest absolutely free.

60

XI.

“ Let no false politics confine,
 “ In narrow bounds, your vast design
 “ To make mankind unite ;
 “ Nor think it a sufficient cause
 “ To punish man by penal laws,
 “ For not believing right.

65

XII.

“ Rome, whose blind zeal destroys mankind ;
“ Rome’s sons shall your compassion find,
“ Who ne’er compassion knew.
“ By nobler actions their’s condemn :
“ For what has been reproach’d in them,
“ Can ne’er be prais’d in you.”

70

XIII.

These subjects suit not with the lyre:
Muse ! to what height dost thou aspire,
Pretending to rehearse
The thoughts of gods, and godlike kings ?
Cease, cease to lessen lofty things
By mean ignoble verse.

75

80



THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED, 1703.

IN IMITATION OF

THE FOURTH ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL.

Supposed to have been taken from a Sybilline Prophecy.

“ ----- Paulo majora Canamus-”

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier flight ;
 Not all in trees and lowly shrubs delight :
 Or if your rural shades you still pursue,
 Make your shades fit for able stateman's view.

The time is come, by ancient Bards foretold ; 5
 Restoring the Saturnian age of gold ;
 The vile, degenerate, whiggish offspring ends,
 A high-church progeny from heaven descends.

O learned Oxford, spare no sacred pains [reigns.
 To nurse the glorious breed, now thy own Bromley
 And thou, great Scarfsdale, darling of this land, 11
 Dost foremost in that fam'd commission stand ;
 Whose deep remarks the listening world admires,
 By whose auspicious care old Ranelagh expires.

Your mighty genius no strict rules can bind ; 15
 You punish men for crimes, which you want time to
 Senates shall now like holy synods be, [find.
 And holy synods senate-like agree.

Monmouth and Moylston here instruct the youth,
 There Binks and Kimberley maintain the sacred truth.
 Powis and Hamlin here, with equal claim, 21
 Through wide West-Saxon realms extend their fame ;
 There Birch and Hooper right divine convey,
 Nor treat their bishops in a human way.

Now all our factions, all our fears shall cease, 25
 And Tories rule the promis'd land in peace.
 Malice shall die, and noxious poisons fail,
 Harley shall cease to trick, and Seynour cease to rail :
 The lambs shall with the lions walk unhurt,
 And Halifax and Howe meet civilly at court, 30

Viceroy, like Providence, with distant care,
 Shall govern kingdoms where they ne'er appear :
 Pacific admirals, to save the fleet,
 Shall fly from conquest, and shall conquest meet :
 Commanders shall be prais'd at William's cost, 35
 And honour be retriev'd before 'tis lost.

Brereton and Barnaby the court shall grace,
 And Howe shall not disdain to share a place.
 Forgotten Molyneux and Mason now
 Revive and shine again in Fox and Howe. 40

But as they stronger grow, and mend their strain,
 By choice examples of King Charles's reign :
 Bold Bellasis and Patriot D'Avenant then,
 One shall employ the sword, and one the pen ;
 Troops shall be led to plunder, not to fight, 45
 The tool of faction shall to peace invite,
 And foes to union be employ'd the kingdoms to unite.

Yet still some whigs among the peers are found,
 Like brambles flourishing in barren ground.
 Somers maliciously employs his care 50
 To make the lords the legislature share.

Burnet declares how French dragooning rose,
 And bishops persecuting bills oppose :
 Till Rochester's * cool temper shall be fir'd, [admir'd.
 And North's and Nottingham's strong reasonings be

But when due time their councils shall mature, 56
 And fresh removes have made the game secure ;
 When Somerset and Devonshire give place,
 To Wyndham's Bradford, and to Richmond's grace,
 Both converts great ; when justice is refin'd, 60
 And corporations garbled to their mind ;
 Then passive doctrines shall with glory rise,
 Before them hated moderation flies,
 And Anti-christian toleration dies.

Granville shall cease the long expected chair, 65
 Godolphin to some country seat repair ;
 Pembroke from all employments be debarr'd, [reward.
 And Marlborough, for ancient crimes, receive his just

* Bishop Sprat.

France, that this happy change so widely has begun,
 Shall bless the great design, and bid it smoothly run. 75
 Come on young James's friends, this is the time, come
 Receive just honours, and surround the throne. [on ;
 Boldly your loyal principles maintain,
 Hedges now rules the state, and Rooke the main.
 Grimes is at hand the members to reward, 75
 And troops are trusted to your own Gerhard.
 The faithful club assembles at the Vine,
 And French intrigues are broach'd o'er English wine.
 Freely the senate the design proclaims,
 Affronting William, and applauding James. 80
 Good ancient members, with a solemn face,
 Propose that safety give to order place ;
 And what they dare not openly dissuade,
 Is by expedients ineffectual made.
 E'en Finch and Mulgrave, whom the court caress, 85
 Exalt its praises, but its power depress ;
 And, that impartial justice may be seen,
 Confirm to friends what they refus'd the queen.
 Bishops, who most advanc'd good James's cause
 In church and state, now reap deserv'd applause : 90
 While those who rather made the Tower their choice,
 Are styl'd unchristian by the nation's voice.
 Avow'dly now St. David's cause they own,
 And James's votes for simony atone.
 Archbishop Kenn shall from Long-Leat be drawn, 95
 While firm nonjurors from behind stand crowding for
 the lawn.

And thou, great Weymouth, to reward thy charge,
 Shalt sail to Lambeth in his grace's barge.

See by base rebels James the Just betray'd,
 See his three realms by vile usurpers sway'd ; 100
 Then see with joy his lawful heir restor'd,
 And erring nations own their injur'd lord.

O would kind heaven so long my life maintain,
 Inspiring raptures worthy such a reign!
 Not Thracian Saint John should with me contend, 105
 Nor my sweet lays harmonious Hammond's mend ;

Not though young D'Avenant, St. John should protect
Or the shrewd Doctor, Hammond's lines correct,
Nay, should Tredenham in Saint Mawes compare his
songs to mine,

Tredenham, though Saint Mawes were judge, his
laurel should resign. 110

Prepare, auspicious youth, thy friends to meet;
Sir George * already has prepar'd the fleet.

Should rival Neptune (who with envious mind
In times of danger still this chief confin'd)

Now send the gout, the hero to disgrace,
Honest George Churchill may supply his place. 116

* Rooke.



ELEGY.

THE UNREWARDED LOVER.

LET the dull merchant curse his angry fate,
And from the winds and waves his fortune wait ;
Let the loud lawyer break his brains, and be
A slave to wrangling coxcombs for a fee :
Let the rough soldier fight his prince's foes, 5
And for a livelihood his life expose :
I wage no war, I plead no cause but Love's ;
I fear no storms but what Celinda moves.
And what grave censor can my choice despise ?
But here, fair charmer, here the diff'rence lies ; 10
The merchant, after all his hazards past,
Enjoys the fruit of his long toils at last ;
The soldier high in his king's favour stands,
And after having long obey'd, commands ;
The lawyer, to reward his tedious care, 15
Roars on the bench, that babbled at the bar :
While I take pains to meet a fate more hard,
And reap no fruit, no favour, no reward. 18

ELEGY.

THE POWER OF VERSE.

To his Mistress.

WHILE those bright eyes subdue where'er you
And, as you please, can either save or kill ; [will
What youth so bold the conquest to design ?
What wealth so great to purchase hearts like thine ?
None but the Muse that privilege can claim ; 5
And what you give in love, return in fame.
Riches and titles with your life must end ;
Nay cannot, e'en in life, your fame defend ;
Verse can give fame, can fading beauties save,
And, after death, redeem them from the grave : 10
Enbalm'd in verse, through distant times they come,
Preserv'd, like bees, within an amber tomb.

Poets, (like monarchs on an eastern throne,
 Restrain'd by nothing but their will alone)
 Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame, 15
 And, as they please, give infamy or fame.
 In vain the Tyrian queen* resigns her life,
 For the bright glory of a spotless wife,
 If lying bards may false amours rehearse,
 And blast her name with arbitrary verse ; 20
 † While one, who all the absence of her lord
 Had her wide courts with pressing lovers stor'd,
 Yet, by a poet grac'd, in deathless rhymes,
 Stands a chaste pattern to succeeding times.
 With pity, then, the Muse's friends survey, 25
 Nor think your favours there are thrown away ;
 Wisely like seed on fruitful soil they're thrown,
 To bring large crops of glory and renown :
 For as the sun, that in the marshes breeds
 Nothing but nauseous and unwholesome weeds, 30
 With the same rays, on rich and pregnant earth,
 To pleasant flowers and useful fruits gives birth :
 So favours cast on fools get only shame,
 On poets shed produce eternal fame ;
 Their gen'rous breasts warm with a genial fire,
 And more than all the muses can inspire. 36

* Dido.

† Penelope.



ELEGY.

To his false Mistress.

CELIA your tricks will now no longer pass ;
And I'm no more the fool that once I was.
I know my happier rival does obtain
All the vast bliss for which I sigh in vain.
Him, him you love, to me you use your art ; 5
I had your looks, another had your heart :
To me you're sick, to me of spies afraid ;
He finds your sickness gone, your spies betray'd :
I sigh beneath your window all the night ;
He in your arms possesses the delight. 10
I know you treat me thus, false fair, I do ;
And, oh ! what plagues me worse, he knows it too ;
To him my sighs are told, my letters shewn,
And all my pains are his diversion grown.
Yet, since you could such horrid treasons act, 15
I'm pleas'd you chose out him to do the fact :
His vanity does for my wrongs atone,
And 'tis by that I have your falsehood known.
What shall I do ! for, treated at this rate,
I must not love, and yet I cannot hate : 20
I hate the actions, but I love the face ;
Oh ! were thy virtue more, or beauty less !
I'm all confusion, and my soul's on fire,
Torn by contending reason and desire :
This bids me love, that bids me love give o'er ; 25
One counsels best, the other pleases more.
I know I ought to hate you for your fault ;
But, oh ! I cannot do the thing I ought.
Canst thou, mean wretch ! canst thou contented prove
With the cold relics of a rival's love ? 30
Why did I see that face to charm my breast ?
Or, having seen, why did I know the rest ?
Gods ! if I have obey'd your just commands,
If I've deserv'd some favour of your hands,
Make me that tame, that easy fool again, 35
And rid me of my knowledge and my pain :

And you, false fair! for whom so oft I've griev'd;
Pity a wretch that begs to be deceiv'd;
Forswear yourself for one who dies for you;
Vow, not a word of the whole charge was true; 40
But scandals all, and forgeries, devis'd
By a vain wretch neglected and despis'd.
I too will help to forward the deceit,
And, to my power, contribute to the cheat:
And thou, bold man, who think'st to rival me, 45
For thy presumption I could pardon thee,
I could forgive thy lying in her arms,
I could forgive thy rifling all her charms:
But, oh! I never can forgive the tongue
That boasts her favours, and proclaims my wrong. 50





WALSH.

What fury does disturb my rest,
What Hell is this within my breast.
Now I abhor and now I love,
And each an equal torment prove.
Vide Blegy to his false Mistress's Image.

Painted by L. Kirk.

Engraved for C. Cooke Sep. 26. 1797.

Engraved by W. Nutter.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHAT fury does disturb my rest?
What hell is this within my breast?
Now I abhor, and now I love;
And each an equal torment prove.
I see Celinda's cruelty,
I see she loves all men but me,
I see her falsehood, see her pride,
I see ten thousand faults beside,
I see she sticks at nought that's ill;
Yet, oh ye powers! I love her still.
Others on precipices run,
Which, blind with love, they cannot shun:
I see my danger, see my ruin;
Yet seek, yet court, my own undoing;
And each new reason I explore
To hate her, makes me love her more.

5

10

6



ELEGY.

THE PETITION.

In Imitation of Catullus.

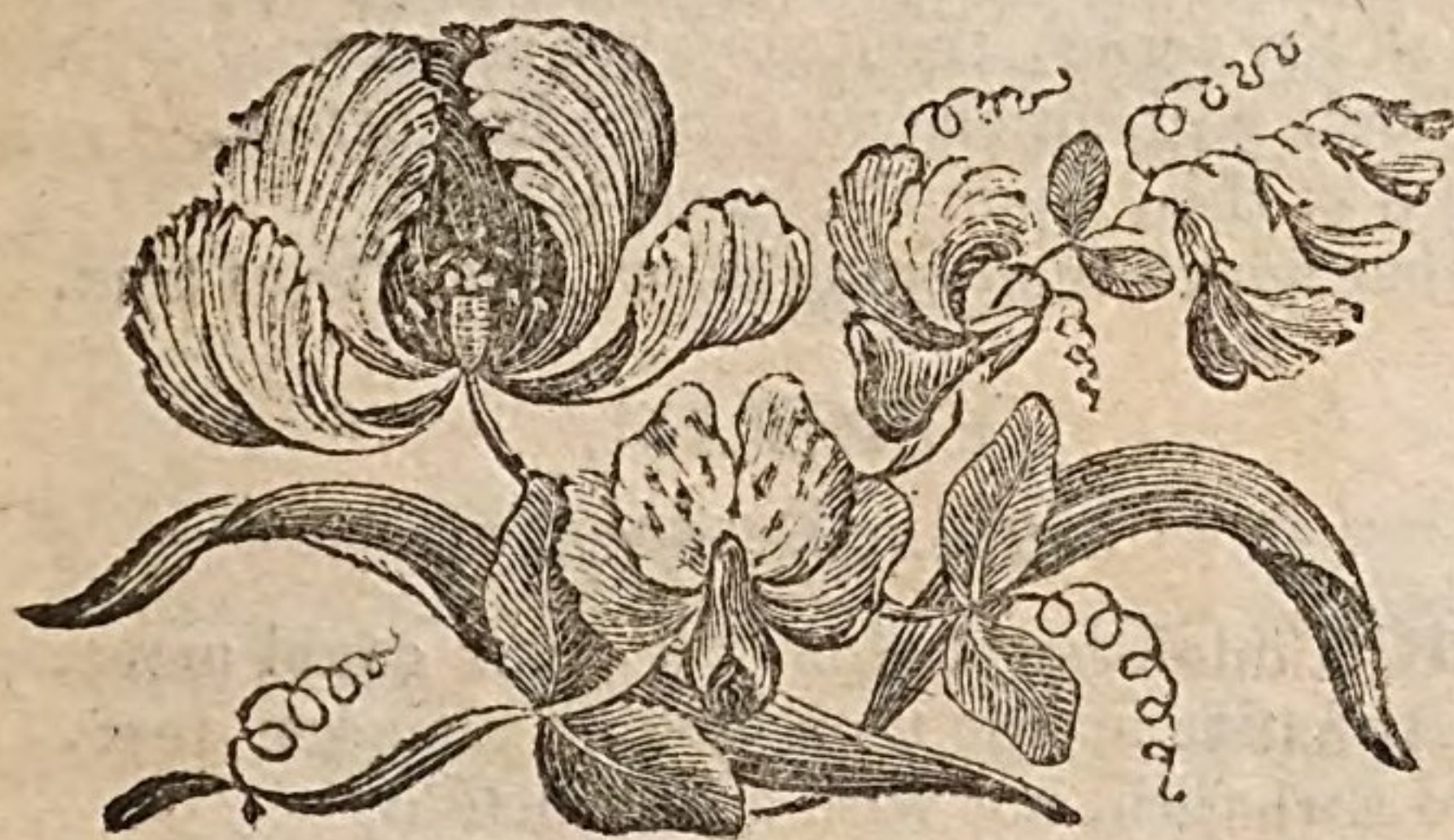
IS there a pious pleasure that proceeds
 From contemplation of our virtuous deeds?
 That all mean sordid actions we despise,
 And scorn to gain a throne by cheats and lies?
 Thyrsis thou hast sure blessings laid in store, 5
 From thy just dealing in this curst amour:
 What honour can in words or deeds be shewn,
 Which to the fair thou hast not said and done?
 On her false heart they all are thrown away;
 She only swears, more eas'ly to betray. 10
 Ye pow'rs that know the many vows she broke,
 Free my just soul from this unequal yoke!
 My love boils up, and like a raging flood,
 Runs through my veins, and taints my vital blood.
 I do not vainly beg she may grow chaste, 15
 Or with an equal passion burn at last:
 The one she cannot practise though she would;
 And I condemn the other, though she should:
 Nor ask I vengeance on the perjur'd jilt;
 'Tis punishment enough to have her guilt, 20
 I beg but balsam for my bleeding breast,
 Cure for my wounds, and from my labours rest. 25

ELEGY.

Upon quitting his Mistress.

I KNOW, Celinda, I have borne too long,
 And by forgiving have increas'd my wrong;
 Yet if there be a power in verse to slack
 Thy course in vice, or bring fled virtue back.
 I'll undertake the task, howe'er so hard; 5
 A generous action is its own reward.
 Oh! were thy virtues equal to thy charms,
 I'd fly from crowns to live within those arms:
 But who, oh! who can e'er believe thee just,
 When such known falsehoods have destroy'd all trust?

Farewel, false fair! nor shall I longer stay:
 Since we must part, why should we thus delay?
 Your love alone was what my soul could prize;
 And missing that, can all the rest despise:
 Yet should I not repent my follies past,
 Could you take up, and grow reserv'd at last:
 'Twould please me, parted from your fatal charms,
 To see you happy in another's arms.
 Whatever threatenings fury might extort,
 Oh fear not I should ever do you hurt:
 For though my former passion is remov'd,
 I would not injure one I once had lov'd.
 Adieu while thus I waste my time in vain,
 Sure there are maids I might entirely gain:
 I'll search for such, and to the first that's true,
 Resign the heart so hardly freed from you.



EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM.

Written in a Lady's Table-Book.

WITH what strange raptures would my soul be
blest,
Were but her look an emblem of her breast !
As I from that all former marks efface.
And, uncontroll'd, put new ones in their place :
So might I chase all others from her heart, 5
And my own image in the stead impart.
But, ah ! how short the bliss would prove, if he
Who seiz'd it next might do the same by me ! 8

EPIGRAM.

LYCE.

GO, said old Lyce, senseless lover go,
And with soft verses court the fair ; but know,
With all thy verses, thou canst get no more
Than fools without one verse have had before.
Enrag'd at this, upon the hawd I flew ;
And that which most enrag'd me, was, 'twas true. 6

EPIGRAM.

To his false Mistress.

THOU saidst that I alone thy heart could move,
And that for me thou wouldst abandon Jove.
I lov'd thee then, not with a love defil'd,
But as a father loves his only child.
I know thee now, and though I fiercelier burn, 5
Thou art become the object of my scorn :
See what thy falsehood gets : I must confess
I love thee more, but I esteem thee less.

EPIGRAM.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

HOW much are they deceiv'd who vainly strive
 By jealous fears to keep our flames alive!
 Love's like a torch, which, if secur'd from blasts,
 Will faintlier burn, but then it longer lasts
 Expos'd to storms of jealousy and doubt,
 The blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out. 6

EPIGRAM.

CHLOE.

CHLOE, new marry'd, looks on men no more;
 Why then 'tis plain for what she look'd before.

EPIGRAM.

CORNUS.

CORNUS proclaims aloud his wife's a whore:
 Alas, good Cornus, what can we do more?
 Wert thou no cuckold, we might make thee one:
 But being one, we cannot make thee none. 4

EPIGRAM.

THRASO.

THRASO picks quarrels when he's drunk at night;
 When sober in the morning, dares not fight.
 Thraso, to shun those ills that may ensue,
 Drink not at night, or drink at morning too. 4

EPIGRAM.

GRIPE AND SHIFTER.

RICH Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning bend,
 T' increase that wealth he wants the soul to spend.
 Poor Shifter does his whole contrivance set,
 To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get,

How happy would appear to each his fate,
Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's estate!
Kind Fate and Fortune, blend them if you can,
And of two wretches make one happy man!

5

8



SONGS.

SONG.

THOUGH Celia's born to be ador'd,
And Strephon to adore her born,
In vain her pity is implor'd,
Who kills him twice with charms and scorn.

4

II.

Fair saint, to your blest orb repair,
To learn in heaven a heavenly mind;
Thence harken to a sinner's prayer,
And be less Beauteous, or more kind.

8

SONG.

OF all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst.
By partners, in each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

5

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are labouring in my breast;
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest!
How great so'er your rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

10

16

A SONG TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS, we not grieve that nature,
Forming you, has done her part;
And in every single feature
Shew'd the utmost of her art.

II.

But in this it is pretended
That a mighty grievance lies,

5

That your heart should be defended,
Whilst you wound us with your eyes.

III.

Love's a senseless inclination,
Where no mercy's to be found ;
But is just, where kind compassion
Gives us balm to heal the wound.

10

IV.

Persians, paying solemn duty
To the rising sun, inclin'd,
Never would adore his beauty,
But in hopes to make him kind.

16



PASTORAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

DAPHNE.

SICILIAN muse, my humble voice inspire,
To sing of Daphne's charms, and Damon's fire.
Long had the faithful swain suppress'd his grief,
And since he durst not hope, ne'er ask'd relief.
But at th' arrival of the fatal day 5
That took the nymph and all his joys away;
With dying looks he gaz'd upon the fair,
And what his tongue could not, his eyes declare:
Till with deep sighs, as if his heart-strings broke,
Pressing her hand, these tender things he spoke. 10

DAMON.

Ah! lovely nymph, behold your lover burn,
And view that passion which you'll not return.
As no nymphs charms did ever equal thine,
So no swain's love did ever equal mine:
How happy, fair, how happy should I be, 15
Might I but sacrifice myself for thee!
Could I but please thee with my dying verse,
And make thee shed one tear upon my hearse!

DAPHNE.

Too free an offer of that love you make,
Which now, alas! I have not power to take: 20
Your wounds I cannot, though I would, relieve?
Phaon has all the love that I can give.
Had you among the rest at first assail'd
My heart, when free, you had, perhaps, prevail'd.
Now if you blame, oh! blame not me, but Fate, 25
That never brought you 'till 'twas grown too late.

DAMON.

Had the fates brought me then, too charming fair,
I could not hope, and now I must despair.
Rul'd by your friends, you quit the lover's flame,
For flocks, for pastures, for an empty name. 30

Yet though the best possession fate denies,
 Oh let me gaze for ever on those eyes :
 So just, so true, so innocent's my flame,
 That Phaon, did he see it, could not blame.

DAPHNE.

Such generous ends I know you still pursue, 35
 What I can do, be sure I will, for you.
 If on esteem or pity you can live,
 Or hopes of more, if I had more to give,
 Those you may have, but cannot have my heart :
 And since we now perhaps for ever part, 40
 Such noble thoughts through all your life express,
 May make the value more, the pity less.

DAMON.

Can you then go? can you for ever part,
 (Ye gods what shivering pains surround my heart!
 And have one thought to make your pity less? 45
 Ah, Daphne, could I half my pangs express,
 You could not think, though hard as rocks you were,
 Your pity ever could too great appear.
 I ne'er shall be one moment free from pain,
 'Till I behold those charming eyes again. 50
 When gay diversions do your thoughts employ,
 I would not come to interrupt the joy ;
 But when from them you some spare moment find,
 Think then, oh think on whom you leave behind!
 Think with what heart I shall behold the green, 55
 Where I so oft those charming eyes have seen!
 Think with what grief I walk the groves alone,
 When you, the glory of them all, are gone!
 Yet, oh! that little time you have to stay,
 Let me still speak, and gaze my soul away! 60
 But see my passion that small aid denies ;
 Grief stops my tongue, and tears o'erflow my eyes. 62

ECLOGUE II.

GALATEA.

THYRSIS, the gayest one of all the swains,
 Who fed their flocks upon th' Arcadian plains
 While love's mad passion quite devour'd his heart,
 And the coy nymph that caus'd, neglects his smart;
 Strives in low numbers, such as shepherds use, 5
 If not to move her breast, his own amuse.

You Chloris, who with scorn refuse to see
 The mighty wounds that you have made on me;
 Yet cannot sure with equal pride disdain,
 To hear an humble hind of his complain. 10

Now while the flocks and herds to shades retire,
 While the fierce sun sets all the world on fire;
 Through burning fields, through rugged brakes I rove,
 And to the hills and woods declare my love.
 How small's the heat! how easy is the pain 15
 I feel without, to that I feel within!

Yet scornful Galatea will not hear,
 But from my songs and pipe still turns her ear:
 Not so the sage Corisca, nor the fair
 Climena, nor rich Ægon's only care: 20
 From them my songs a just compassion drew;
 And they shall have them, since contemn'd by you.

Why name I them, when e'en chaste Cynthia stays,
 And Pan himself, to listen to my lays?
 Pan, whose sweet pipe has been admir'd so long, 25
 Has not disdain'd sometimes to hear my song:
 Yet Galatea scorns whate'er I say,
 And Galatea's wiser sure than they.

Relentless nymph! can nothing move your mind?
 Must you be deaf, because you are unkind? 30
 Though you dislike the subject of my lays,
 Yet sure the sweetness of my voice might please.
 It is not thus that you dull Mopsus use;
 His songs divert you, though you mine refuse:
 Yet I could tell you, fair one, if I would, 35
 (And since you treat me thus, methinks I should)

What the wise Lycon said, when in yon' plain
 He saw him court in hope, and me in vain;
 Forbear, fond youth, to chase a heedless fair,
 Nor think with well-tun'd verse to please her ear; 40
 Seek out some other nymph, nor e'er repine
 That one who likes his songs, should fly from thine.

Ah, Lycon! ah! your rage false dangers forms;
 'Tis not his songs, but 'tis his fortune charms:
 Yet, scornful maid, in time you'll find those toys 45
 Can yield no real, no substantial joys;
 In vain his wealth, his titles gain esteem,
 If for all that you are ashamed of him.

Ah, Galatea, would'st thou turn those eyes,
 Would'st thou but once vouchsafe to hear my cries; 50
 In such soft notes I would my pains impart,
 As could not fail to move thy rocky heart;
 With such sweet songs I would thy fame make known,
 As Pan himself might not disdain to own,
 Oh could'st thou, fair one, but contented be 55
 To tend the sheep, and chase the hares with me:
 To have thy praises echo'd through the groves,
 And pass thy days with one who truly loves:
 Nor let those gaudy toys thy heart surprise,
 Which the fools envy, and the sage despise. 60

But Galatea scorns my humble flame,
 And neither asks my fortune, nor my name.
 Of the best cheese my well-stor'd dairy's full,
 And my soft sheep produce the finest wool;
 The richest wines of Greece my vineyards yield, 65
 And smiling crops of grain adorn my field.

Ah, foolish youth! in vain thou boast'st thy store,
 Have what thou wilt, if Mopsus still has more.
 See whilst thou sing'st, behold her haughty pride,
 With what disdain she turns her head aside! 70
 Oh, why would Nature to our ruin, place
 A tiger's heart, with such an angel's face?

Cease, shepherd, cease, at last thy fruitless moan;
 Nor hope to gain a heart already gone.
 While rocks and caves thy tuneful notes resound, 75
 See how thy corn lies wither'd on the ground!

The hungry wolves devour thy fatten'd lambs ;
And bleating for the young makes lean the dams.
Take, shepherd, take thy hook, thy flocks pursue,
And when one nymph proves cruel, find a new. 8



ECLOGUE III.

DAMON.

Taken from the eighth Eclogue of Virgil.

ARISE, O Phosphorus! and bring the day,
 While I in sighs and tears consume away;
 Deceiv'd with flattering hopes of Nisa's love;
 And to the gods my vain petitions move:
 Though they've done nothing to prevent my death, 5
 I'll yet invoke them with my dying breath.

Begin, my muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.
 Arcadia's famous for its spacious plains,
 Its whistling pine-trees, and its shady groves,
 And often hears the swains lament their loaves. 10

Great Pan upon its mountains feeds his goats,
 Who first taught reeds to warble rural notes.
 Begin, my muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Mopius weds Nisa! oh, well-suited pair!
 When he succeeds, what lover can despair? 15

After this match, let mares and griffins breed;
 And hounds with hares in friendly consort feed,
 Go Mopius, go; provide the bridal cake,
 And to thy bed the blooming virgin take:

In her soft arms thou shalt securely rest, 20
 Behold, the evening comes to make thee blest!
 Begin, my muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Oh, Nisa, happy in a lovely choice!
 While you with scorn neglect my pipe and voice;
 While you despise my humble songs, my herd, 25
 My shaggy eyebrows, and my rugged beard;
 While through the plains disdainfully you move,
 And think no shepherd can deserve your love;
 Mopius alone can the nice virgin win,

With charming person and with graceful mien. 30
 Begin, my muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

When first I saw you on those fatal plains,
 I reach'd you fruit; your mother too was there;
 Scarce had you seen the thirteenth spring appear,
 Yet beauty's buds were opening in your face; 35
 I gaz'd, and blushes did your charms increase.

'Tis love, thought I, that's rising in her breast ;
 Alas, your passion, by my own, I grieve ;
 Then upon trust I fed the raging pains.
 Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains. 40
 Oh, love ! I know thee now ; thou ow'st thy birth,
 To rocks ; some craggy mountain brought thee forth ;
 Nor is it human blood that fills thy veins,
 Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Relentless love to bold Medea shew'd, 45
 To stain her guilty hands in children's blood.
 Was she more cruel, or more wicked he ?
 He was a wicked counsellor, a cruel mother she.
 Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Now let the screech-owls vie with warbling swans ;
 Upon hard oaks let blushing peaches grow, 51
 And from the brambles liquid amber flow.
 The harmless wolves the ravenous sheep shall shun ;
 And valiant deer at fearful greyhounds run :
 Let the sea rise and overflow the plains. 55
 Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Adieu, ye flocks ; no more shall I pursue !
 Adieu, ye groves ; a long, a long adieu !
 And you, coy nymph, who all my vows disdain,
 Take this last present from a dying swain. 60
 Since you dislike whate'er in life I said,
 You may be pleas'd, perhaps, to hear I'm dead :
 This leap shall put an end to all my pains.
 Now cease, my Muse, now cease th' Arcadian strains.

Thus Damon sung while on the cliff he stood, 65
 Then headlong plung'd into the raging flood.
 All with united grief the loss bemoan,
 Except the auth'ress of his fate alone,
 Who hears it with an unrelenting breast. 70
 Ah, cruel nymph ! forbear your scorns at least.
 How much soe'er you may the love despise,
 'Tis barbarous to exult o'er one that dies. 73

ECLOGUE. IV.

LYCON.

STREPHON and Damon's flocks together fed,
 Two charming swains as e'er Arcadia bred ;
 Both fam'd for wit, and fam'd for beauty both ;
 But in the lustre of their blooming youth :
 No sullen cares their tender thoughts remove, 5
 No passions discompose their souls, but love.
 Once, and but once alone, as story goes,
 Between the youths a fierce dispute arose ;
 Not for the merit of their tuneful lays
 (Though both deserv'd, yet both despis'd, that praise) ;
 But for a cause of greater moment far, 11
 That merited a lover's utmost care.

Each swain the prize of beauty strove to gain,
 For the bright shepherdess that caus'd his pain.
 Lycon they chose, the difference to decide, 15
 Lycon, for prudence and sage counsel try'd ;
 Who love's mysterious arts had study'd long,
 And taught, when old, what he had practis'd young.
 For the dispute alternate verse they choose,
 Alternate verse delights the rural Muse. 20

STREP. To Flavia, love, thou justly ow'st the prize,
 She owns thy power, nor does thy laws reprove.

DAM. Though Sylvia, for herself, love's power
 What crowds of vassals has she made to love ! [desies,

STREP. When Flavia comes attir'd for rural games,
 Each curl, each flower she wears, a charm expresses. 26

DAM. Sylvia without a foreign aid, inflames ;
 Charm'd with her eyes, we never mind her dress.

STREP. Have you seen Flavia with her flaxen hair ?
 She seems an image of the queen of love ! 30

DAM. Sylvia's dark hair like Leda's lock appear,
 And yet, like her, has charms to conquer Jove.

STREP. Flavia by crowds of lovers is admir'd ;
 Happy that youth who shall the fair enjoy !

DAM. Sylvia neglects her lovers, lives retir'd ! 35
 Happy, that could her lonely thoughts employ !

STREP. Flavia, where'er she comes, the swains sub-
And every smile she gives conveys a dart. [dues,

DAM. Sylvia the swains with native coldness views
And yet what shepherd can defend his heart? 40

STREP. Flavia's bright beauties in an instant strike :
Gazers before they think of it, adore.

DAM. Sylvia's soft charms, as soon as seen, we like,
But still the more we think, we love the more.

STREP. Who is so stupid, that has Flavia seen, 45
As not to view the nymph with vast delight?

DAM. Who has seen Sylvia, and so stupid been,
As to remember any other sight?

STREP. What thoughts has Flavia, when with care
she views 50
Her charming graces in the crystal lakes?

DAM. To see hers, Sylvia need no mirrors use,
She sees them by the conquests that she makes.

STREP. With what assurance Flavia walks the plains!
She knows the nymphs must all their lovers yield. 55

DAM. Sylvia with blushes wounds the gazing swain ;
And while she strives to fly, she wins the field.

STREP. Flavia at first young Melibœus lov'd :
For me she did that charming youth forsake.

DAM. Sylvia's relentless heart was never mov'd : 60
Gods ! that I might the first impression make !

STREP. Should Flavia hear that Sylvia v'y'd with her
What indignation would the charmer shew !

DAM. Sylvia would Flavia to herself prefer :
There we alone her judgment disallow. 65

STREP. If Sylvia's charms with Flavia's can compare
Why is this crowded still, and that alone ?

DAM. Because their ways of life so different are ;
Flavia gives all men hopes, and Sylvia none.

LYCON. Shepherds, enough ; now cease your amo-
rous war, 70

Or too much heat may carry both too far :

I well attended the dispute, and find

Both nymphs have charms, but each in different kind.

Flavia deserves more pains than she will cost ;

As easily got, were she not easily lost. 75

Sylvia is much more difficulty to gain ;
But, once possess'd, will well reward the pain.
We wish them Flavias all when first we burn ;
But, ouce possess'd, wish they would Sylvias turn.
And, by the different charms in each exprest,
One we should soonest love, the other best.



ECLOGUE. V.

DELIA.

*Lamenting the Death of Mrs. Tempest, who died upon the day
of the great Storm.*

YE gentle swains, who pass your days and nights
In Love's sincere and innocent delights!
Ye tender virgins, who with pride display
Your beauty's splendor, and extend your sway!
Lament with me! with me your sorrows join! 5
And mingle your united tears with mine!
Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!
Begin, my Muse! begin your mournful strains!
Tell the sad tale through all the hills and plains! 10
Tell it through every lawn and every grove!
Where flocks can wander, or where shepherds rove!
Bid neighbouring rivers tell the distant sea,
And winds from pole to pole the news convey!
Delia the Queen of Love, let all deplore! 15
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!
'Tis done, and all obey the mournful Muse!
See, hills, and plains, and winds, have heard the news;
The foming sea o'erwhelms the frighten'd shore,
The vallies tremble, and the mountains roar. 20
See lofty oaks from firm foundations torn,
And stately towers in heaps of ruin mourn!
The gentle Thames, that rarely passion knows,
Swells with this sorrow, and her banks o'erflows:
What shrieks are heard! what groans! what dying cries!
Ev'n Nature's self in dire convulsions lies! 26
Delia, the Queen of Love, they all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!
O! Why did I survive the fatal day,
That snatch'd the joys of all my life away? 30
Why was not I beneath some ruin lost?
Sunk in the seas, or shipwreck'd on the coast!
Why did the Fates spare this devoted head?
Why did I live to hear that thou wert dead?

By thee my griefs were calm'd, my torments eas'd ; 35
Nor knew I pleasure, but as thou wert pleas'd.

Where shall I wander now, distress'd, alone ?

What use have I of life, now thou art gone ?

I have no use, alas ! but to deplore

Delia, the pride of Beauty, now no more ! 40

What living nymph is blest with equal grace ?

All may dispute, but who can fill thy place ?

What lover in his mistress hopes to find ?

A form so lovely, with so bright a mind ?

Doris may boast a face divinely fair, 45

But wants thy shape, thy motions, and thy air.

Lucinda has thy shape, but not those eyes,

That, while they did th' admiring world surprise,

Disclos'd the secret lustre of the mind,

And seem'd each lover's inmost thoughts to find. 50

Others, whose beauty yielding swains confess,

By indiscretion make their conquest less,

And want thy conduct and obliging wit

To fix those slaves who to their chains submit.

As some rich tyrant hoards an useless store, 55

That would, well plac'd, enrich a thousand more.

So didst thou keep a crowd of charms retir'd,

Would make a thousand other nymphs admir'd.

Gay, modest, artless, beautiful, and young ;

Slow to resolve ; in resolution strong ; 60

To all obliging, yet reserv'd to all ;

None could himself the favour'd lover call :

That which alone could make his hopes endure,

Was, that he saw no other swain secure.

Whither, ah ! whither are those graces fled ? 65

Down to the dark, the melancholy shade ?

Now, shepherds, now lament ! and now deplore !

Delia is dead, and Beauty is no more !

For thee each tuneful swain prepar'd his lays,

His fame exalting while he sung thy praise, 70

Thyrsis, in gay and easy measures, strove

To charm thy ears, and tune thy soul to love :

Menalcas, in his numbers more sublime,

Extoll'd thy virtues in immortal rhyme :

Glycon, whose satire kept the world in awe,
 Soften'd his train, when first thy charms he saw,
 Confess'd the goddess who new-form'd his mind,
 Proclaim'd thy beauties, and forgot mankind.
 Cease, shepherd, cease: the charms you sung are fled;
 The glory of our blasted isle is dead. 80

Now join your griefs with mine! and now deplore
 Delia, the pride of beauty, now no more!

Behold where now she lies depriv'd of breath!
 Charming, though pale, and beautiful in death!
 A troop of weeping virgins by her side,
 With all the pomp of woe and sorrow's pride!
 O, early lost! O, fitter to be led 85

In cheerful splendour to the bridal bed,
 Than thus conducted to th' untimely tomb,
 A spotless virgin in her beauty's bloom! 90

Whatever hopes superior merit gave,
 Let me, at least, embrace thee in the grave;
 On thy cold lips imprint a dying kiss:
 O that thy coyness could refuse me this;
 Such melting tears upon thy limbs I'll pour, 95
 Shall thaw their numbness, and thy warmth restore:
 Claspt to my glowing breast, thou may'st revive;
 I'll breathe such tender sighs shall make thee live;
 Or, if severer fates that aid deny,

If thou canst not revive, yet I may die. 100
 In one cold grave together may be laid
 The truest lover and the loveliest maid.

Then shall I cease to grieve, and not before;
 Then shall I cease fair Delia to deplore.

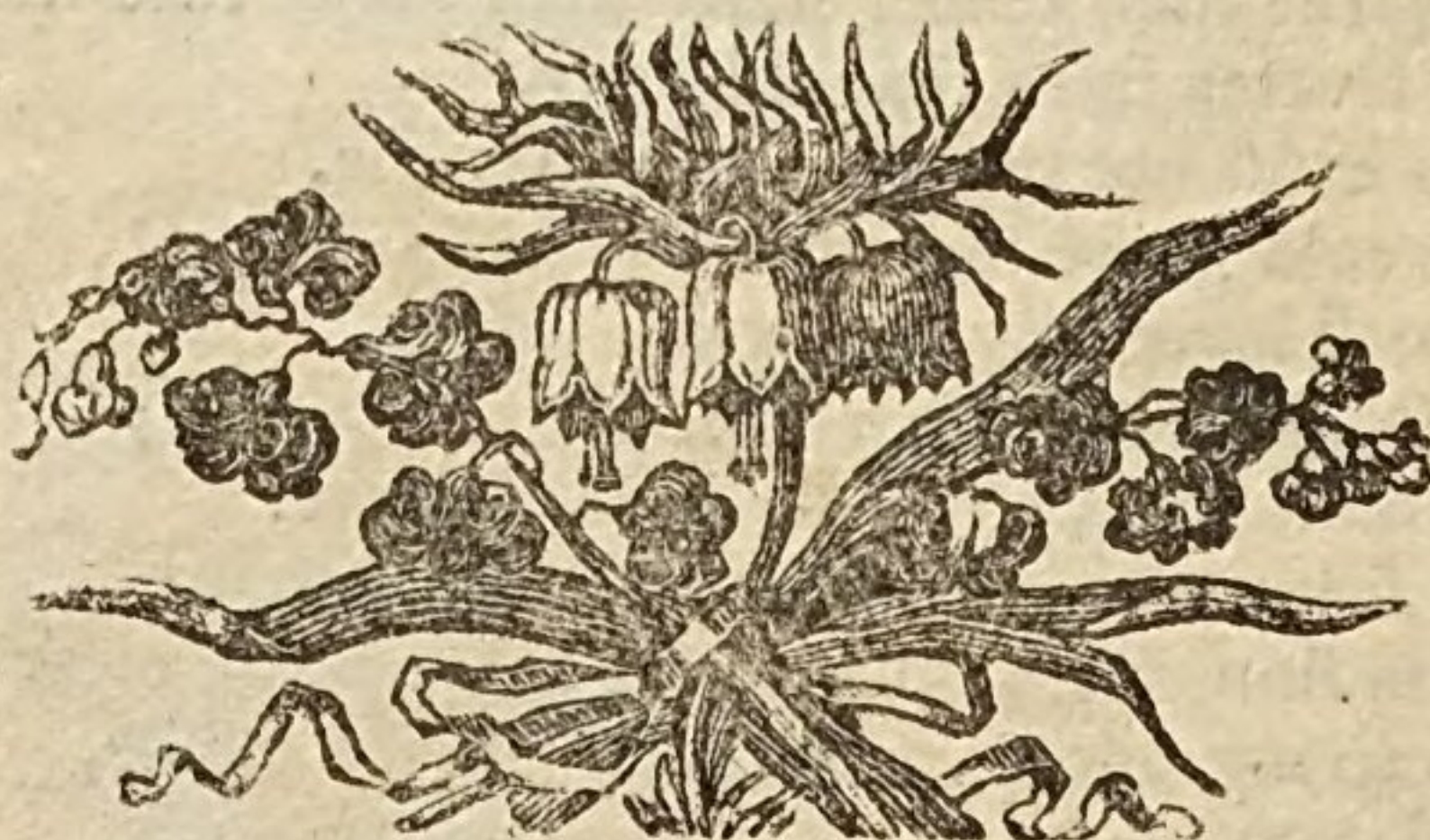
But see, those dreadful objects disappear! 105
 The sun shines out, and all the heavens are clear;
 The warring winds are hush'd, the sea serene,
 And Nature, soften'd, shifts her angry scene.
 What means this sudden change? methinks I hear
 Melodious music from the heavenly sphere! 110

Listen, ye shepherds, and devour the sound!
 Listen: the saint, the lovely saint is crown'd!
 While we, mistaken in our joy and grief,
 Bewail her fate, who wants not our relief:

From the pleas'd orbs she views us here below, 115
And with kind pity wonders at our woe.

Ah, charming saint! since thou art blest'd above,
Indulge thy lovers, and forgive their love:
Forgive their tears, who press'd with grief and care,
Feel not thy joys, but feel their own despair. 120

FINIS.



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